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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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THE BAD BOY.

"Well, how is the baby?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the grocery smelling very "horsey," and sat down on the chair with the back gone, and looked very tired.

"O, darn the baby. Everybody asks me about the baby as though it was mine. I don't pay no attention to the darn thing, except to notice the foolishness going on around the house. Say, I guess that baby will grow to be a fire engine. The nurse coupled the baby on to a section of rubber hose that runs down into a bottle of milk, and it began to get up steam, and pretty soon the milk began to disappear, just like the water does when a fire engine couples on to a hydrant. Pa calls the baby 'Old Number Two.' I am 'Number One,' and if pa had a hook and ladder truck and a horse-cart and a fire gong, he would imagine that he was chief engineer of the fire department. But the baby kicks on this milk wagon milk, and howls like a dog that's got lost. The doctor told pa the best thing he could do was to get a goat, but pa said since we initiated him into the Masons with the goat he wouldn't have a goat around no how. The doctor told pa the other kind of a goat, I think it was a Samantha goat he said, wouldn't kick with its head, and pa sent me up into the Polack settlement to see if I couldn't borrow a milk goat for a few weeks. I got a woman to lend me her goat till the baby got big enough to chew beef, for a dollar a week, and paid a dollar in advance, and pa went up in the evening to help me get the goat. Well, it was the darndest mistake you ever see. There was two goats so near alike you couldn't tell which was the goat we leased, and the other goat was the chum of our goat, but it belonged to a Nirish woman. We got a bed cord hitched around the Irish goat, and that goat didn't recognize the lease, and when we tried to jerk it along it rared right up, and made things real quick for pa. I don't know what there is about a goat that makes it get so spunky, but that goat seemed to have a grudge against pa from the first. If there was any places on pa's manly form that the goat did not explore with its head, pa don't know where the places are. O, it lamed him, and when I lamed pa got mad. I told him every man ought to furnish his own goats, when he had a baby, and I let go of the rope and started off, and pa said he knew how it was, I wanted him to get killed. It wasn't that, but I saw the Irish woman that owned the goat coming around the corner of the house with a cistern-pole. Just as pa was getting the goat out of the gate the goat got crossways of the gate, and pa yanked, and doubled the goat right up and I thought he had broke the goat's neck; and the woman thought so too, for she jabbed pa with the cistern-pole just below the belt, and she tried to get a hold on pa's hair, but he had her there. No woman can get the advantage of pa that way, for ma has tried it. Well, pa explained it to the woman, and she let pa off if he would pay her two dollars for damages to the goat, and he paid it; and then we took the nanny-goat, and it went right along with us. But I have got my opinion of a baby that will drink goat's milk. Gosh! It is like this stuff that comes in a spoiled cocoanut. The baby hasn't done anything but blate, since the nurse coupled it on to the goat hydrant.

I had to take all my playthings out of the basement, to keep the goat from eating them. I guess the milk will taste of powder and singed hair, now. The goat got to eating some Roman candles me, and my chum had laid away in the coal-bin, and chewed them around the furnace, and the powder leaked out and a coal fell out of the furnace on the hearth, and you'd a died to see pa and the hired girl and the goat. You see, pa can't milk nothing but a milk wagon, and he got the hired girl to milk the goat; and they was just hunting around the basement for the goat, with a tin cup, when the fire-works went off. Well, there was balls of green, and blue,

and red fire, and spilled powder blazed up, and the goat just looked astonished and looked as though it was sorry so much good fodder was spoiled; but when its hair began to burn, the goat gave one snort, and went between pa and the hired girl like it was shot out of a cannon, and it knocked pa over a wash-boiler into the coal bin, and the hired girl in among the kindling wood, and she crossed herself, and repeated the catechism; and the goat jumped up on top of the brick furnace, and they couldn't get him down. I heard the celebration, and went down and took pa by the pants and pulled him out of the coal-bin, and he said he would surrender, and pleaded guilty to being the biggest fool in Milwaukee. I pulled the kindling wood off the hired girl, and then she got mad, and said she would milk that goat or die. O, that girl has got sand. She used to work in the glass factory. Well, sir, it was a sight worth two shilling admission to see that hired girl get up on a step ladder to milk that goat, on top of the furnace with pa sitting on a barrel of potatoes, bossing the job. They are going to fix a gang plank to get the goat down off the furnace. The baby kicked on the milk last night. Well, they can run the baby and goat to suit themselves, 'cause I have resigned.

"I have gone into business. Don't you smell anything that would lead you to surmise that I had gone into business? No drug store this time," and the boy got up and put his thumbs in the armpits of his vest, and looked proud.

"O, I don't know as I smell anything, except the faint odor of a horse blanket. What you gone into anyway?" and the grocery man put the wrapping paper under the counter, and put the red chalk in his pocket, so the boy couldn't write any sign to hang up outside.

"You hit the first time. I have accepted a situation of teller in a livery stable!" said the boy, as he searched around for the barrel of cut sugar, which had been removed.

"Teller in a livery stable! Well, that is a new one on me. What is a teller in a livery stable?" and the grocery man looked pleased, and pointed the boy to a barrel of seven cent sugar.

"Don't you know what a teller is in a livery stable? It is the same as a teller in a bank. I have to grease the harness, oil the buggies, and curry out the horses, and when a man comes in to hire a horse I have to go down to the saloon and tell the livery man. That's what a teller is. I like the teller part of it, but greasing harness is a little too rich for my blood, but the livery man says if I stick to it I will be governor some day, 'cause most all the great men have begun life taking care of horses. It all depends on my girl whether I stick or not. If she likes the smell of horses I shall be a statesman, but if she objects to it, and sticks up her nose, I shall not yearn to be governor, at the expense of my girl. It beats all, don't it that wimmen settle every great question. Every body does every thing to please wimmen, and if they kick on anything that settles it. But I must go and umpire that game between pa and the hired girl and the goat. Say, can't you come over and see the baby?"

"Tain't bigger than a small satchel," and the boy waited till the grocery man went to draw some vinegar when he slipped out and put up a shingle with white chalk, "yellow sand wanted for maple sugar."—Peck's Sun.

Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, says: "The stars that are visible to the naked eye number about 6,000, and there are but about 1,000 others visible in the Southern hemisphere that do not come within the range of vision of people in this State. By the use of an opera-glass, the number of stars visible is increased to about 300,000, and the most powerful telescope brings to view 50,000,000 or 60,000,000, a number which, compared with the immensity of space, is not so very very wonderful. Of these stars, about 600,000 are mapped and located, and their number is being added to continually."

A Georgia girl is engaged in the task of eating four large onions, 200 green apples and two bottles of pickles a day. Her friends have no fears that she will fail in the undertaking.

Catarh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

MRS. PHIL THOMPSON TALKS. And Her Story gives the Lie Direct to Miss Buckner.

For some reason, Mrs. Phil Thompson has been kept from the reach of newspaper reporters, by the threats of the Thompson family, it is said, but a Louisville Post reporter by a little strategy, succeeded a few days ago in getting from her own lips, her version of the unfortunate affair in Cincinnati. Mrs. Thompson was found at the house of Mrs. Walter Davis where the interview took place. The reporter says:

When the correspondent called at the slain man's late home he was ushered into the library, where were seated Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Walter Davis, Mrs. Latham, sister-in-law of Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Gov. Robinson, mother of the fair young widow. It was a pitiful picture. Mrs. Davis contrasted strongly with Phil Thompson's wife. The former is young and fair. She is a typical brunette, with a pair of beautiful black eyes and a sweet, innocent expression, which has become intensified by the sorrow and suffering of the past few weeks. Mrs. Thompson has been a very handsome woman, and a few traces of her once remarkable loveliness still remain. The most casual observer would notice that she has prematurely aged, and the history of her married troubles are told in that care-worn countenance. The two women whose lives have been wrecked by the same horrible tragedy, sat in opposite parts of the room, but when they addressed each other it was in the friendliest and most sympathetic terms. Both ladies, and particularly Mrs. Thompson, were taken unawares, and the latter seemed to understand that she had been entrapped by her friends, and the time had come for her to tell what she knew of the distressing occurrence at the St. Clair Hotel on the afternoon and night of the 28th of last November. Yet the lady hesitated to give her version of the affair, and it was only obtained after a series of questions, some of which she left unanswered. During the interview, which lasted for more than an hour, Mrs. Davis and her mother would interject interesting points which had not yet been brought out. Mrs. T. said that she went with her husband to Cincinnati on Monday, Nov. 27, and they stopped at the Burnet House.

Mr. Thompson wrote a note to Jessie Buckner, requesting her to call at the hotel, which she did and took supper with them. Phil ordered his wife's baggage sent to the St. Clair Hotel, and before he departed for Washington his better half left with Jessie Buckner for her rooms at the St. Clair.

"On Tuesday morning Jessie and I went shopping and met Walter Davis. He said he had just come from Harrodsburg. Miss Buckner told him where we were stopping, and invited him to call. His card was sent up about lunch time, and when we emerged from the dining-room he walked to the parlor with us. While we were there Miss Buckner excused herself to go down to the drug store and get some Apollonaris water, and we went up to her room. Was there harm in that? Walter Davis and I had known each other for years. His family and ours were on most intimate terms. We traded at his grocery, and whenever I needed any money my husband always told me to go and get it of Walter Davis. When Jessie returned I was sitting at the piano playing. Presently a card came up for her, and upon it was the name of M. T. Threlkeld, of Harrodsburg, who wanted to see Miss Buckner. The young woman looked at it and contemptuously threw it aside, with the remark, 'I wish every striped pants galoot from Harrodsburg wouldn't come to see Miss Buckner. I am tired of it and won't see him.' Walter Davis went down town with me to telegraph to my little daughter that I wouldn't be home that night. He didn't tell me there was a wreck on the road. My husband didn't tell me when I should go home, but before I left him he gave me some money to do my shopping."

"We went to the St. Nicholas to get some oysters and returned to the hotel at 5 o'clock. I was not drunk and the story of the champagne bottles is an infamous lie. I had on a dress with only two small pockets, and where could I carry wine in them? Walter Davis had purchased three tickets for the theatre that night—for Miss Buckner, me and himself—but Jessie said she had an engagement and didn't go. She offered no protest against my going, but rather insisted upon it, and made the significant remark that she

was a sound sleeper, and it might be hard to wake her when we returned. I arranged my own toilet and Walter Davis called for me and requested Miss Buckner to go with us, as he had a ticket for her, but she persisted in her declination. I believe the theatre was Robinson's Opera-house. But about 9 o'clock I was taken ill and we went back to the hotel. We tried the door of Jessie Buckner's room, but could not wake her. Mr. Davis said: 'There is some one in there. Come to my room and sit by the fire.' The day was cold and it had been snowing during the afternoon and night. I accompanied Mr. Davis to his apartment as entirely innocent of any wrong. He turned up the gas and we chatted by the fire for perhaps an hour. As God is my judge, Walter Davis was not guilty of any wrong. We had hard work the second time to get into Jessie's room, but at last she got up and let me in. The story that I fell helpless on the floor is a falsehood. I took my jewelry off, put it in my jewelry case, placed it under the pillow and went to bed. Jessie Buckner didn't disturb herself at all on my account. Early the next morning I took the train for Harrodsburg, and chatted pleasantly with a number of lady friends whom I met on the route. This is the story of the occurrence at the St. Clair Hotel, and my husband killed an innocent man."

"Do you think there was any one in Jessie Buckner's room the night of the occurrence at the St. Clair, Mrs. Thompson?"

"I most certainly do, and I know who it was, but I dare not reveal the name."

Mrs. Thompson spoke in the kindest terms of Phil Thompson, Sr., and his wife, whom she said had ever treated her kindly, and always said they didn't believe her guilty. Jessie Buckner and John Thompson she declared were the authors of the trouble. "I feel sorry for Phil. I didn't want him punished, but I desired that my fair name should not be sullied and an innocent man held guilty of a heinous crime." The unfortunate lady spoke in touching terms of her children, and particularly her daughter Mattie, in school at Washington City. She showed the reporter a letter from Mattie, dated May 27, in which she told her mama to write often, as she loved her so dearly and was so anxious to see her again.

"My daughter knows why I went to Washington to see her father, and she still stands by her mother."

She would say nothing against her husband, whom she spoke of in the kindest manner, and thought he was prompted to kill Walter Davis by bad advisers.

AS TOLD BY THE HERO.—The following is an extract from a letter written from Texas by a young man formerly of Macon to a friend here: "The other night I went into a saloon where there were eight cow boys who had just got in from a long drive. They crowded around me and asked me to set 'em up. Just out of politeness I set 'em up. When they got through they asked me to set 'em up again, and I refused. They crowded around me, evidently taking me for a sucker, and swore they'd eat me up. I stood my ground and told them if they would let the barkeeper hold their pistols I'd try 'em a few rounds. Then they took out their weapons and gave them to the barkeeper, and in ten minutes I had whipped all eight of them. They saw I wasn't to be fooled with and we shook hands. Every time I meet a cow boy now he takes off his hat to me."—[Macon Telegraph.]

BEAUTIFUL ACT OF SOUTHERN LADIES.—It is worthy of note that the grave of the only Federal buried in Forsyth Cemetery was not only remembered in the decoration the other day, but it had more flowers than any other grave. A stranger in a strange land, and at the time of his death an enemy, his grave received an abundant floral tribute from the hands of the countrywomen of those who wore the gray.—[Monroe (Ga.) Advertiser.]

Elder William Sloum, a backwoods preacher, who dwells in a log hut in the charcoal district of Rhode Island, distinguished himself some months ago by preaching his own funeral sermon sitting in his coffin, after which the whole company, including himself, got drunk and burned up a haystack near the cabin.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

To The Democracy of Kentucky.

The State Central Committee issues the following address: "The State Central Committee, in discharge of the trust confided to it by the late convention, deems it appropriate to address to you a few words relative to the duties which devolve upon every member of the organization. A State ticket has been presented for your support in the recognized form, against no member of which ought can be said, thereby adding personal recommendation to the formal indorsement and authority of the party. It behooves, therefore, every democrat to see to it that the prestige of democratic victory is not impaired by a reduction in our hitherto well-earned majorities, through the lukewarmness of indifference of a single voter. The over-confidence which results from an assured majority is apt to engender a neglect of the exercise of the high prerogative of the elective franchise, and when once this becomes habitual, danger to our dearest rights is imminent. Our appeal therefore to the vigilant exercise of your right as voters is made from the higher plane of duty as citizens, as well as from the obligation which attaches to you as members of a party organization co-extensive with the Union. The campaign which lies before us, to close on the first Monday in August, is but the precursor of the broader and more important struggle in the Federal arena of next year. From the prominence which Kentucky enjoys in the sisterhood of democratic States, and speaking as she will among the first, the result of our August election will have an important influence upon the hopes or fears of our adversaries. We therefore exhort every man who calls himself a democrat to do his whole duty, both in the campaign and at the polls. Your committee will endeavor to fulfill all reasonable expectations in promoting success, and it asks, as it has a right to expect, the fullest co-operation of the candidates for office, the local committees and the rank and file of the party in the canvass and at the polls.

Assured of this, we look with every hope to an increased majority, both as a vote of confidence in the wisdom and virtue of the democratic party and its principles, and as a forecast of the doom which the American people have in store for the organization which has so long wielded the Federal power. Let the watchword of every democrat in Kentucky be harmony, vigilance and victory.

By the Committee.
J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, Chm.
H. T. STANTON, Secty.

"There is something about your daughter," Mr. Wanghosh said reflectively; "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is; I had noticed it myself. It comes every night at 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about 11 o'clock. And some of these evenings I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it."

It takes a 'oman five times as long ter git in ter bed as it does a man. She has ter cross de flo' a certain number ob times, ar' has ter fumble 'mong de quilts, turn down de lamp too low, an' den go back an' turn it up too high. A 'oman walks mighty light when she's got shoes on, but when she takes 'em off an' walks, she shakes de whole house, like a dog trotting 'cross a bridge.—[Arkansas Traveler.]

When a lady living Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered the M. D., "I happen to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."

A Lake Shore locomotive struck Levi Hurst just as he was in the act of taking a drink from a whisky bottle, while standing on the track. He lodged on the pilot and rode in that position to the next town, where his bruises received attention.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Alexander Plummer, of Bloomfield, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expectant as the best remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

About two-fifths of all who go to an untimely grave die with the dreaded disease, consumption. Brown's Expectant has cured every case it has been tried on where the disease has not been allowed to run beyond the control of medicine. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

WALL PAPER!

TRIMMED AND READY TO PUT ON,
—AT—
M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S
Druggists and Booksellers,
Opera House Block, - - - - - Stanford, Ky.

H. C. RUPLEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky,

Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

H. C. BRIGHT,
St. Asaph Block,
STANFORD, - - - - - KY.,
Desires to call attention to the Large and Comprehensive Stock of—
Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.,
Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of Handling Goods at Wholesale on Small Profits. Goods delivered within town limits free of charge.

Livery, Sale & Feed
STABLE!
AND HARNESS SHOP.
Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

100,000 POUNDS WOOL
Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in
COAL!
And can supply it in any quantity.
A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

A. OWSLEY & SON,
—DEALERS IN—

Hardware and Groceries, Glass-ware, Queensware,

Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates and Tinware,

Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent and Family Flour, Hames, Traces,

Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming Implements. Call and see the genuine Hamilton Plow.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

HEADQUARTERS
—AT—

W. H. HIGGINS'
—FOR—

Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes,
Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,
Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Meikle and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire, Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Col. T. L. Jones' name was withdrawn on the final ballot before the State Convention by his acknowledged leader, who at the same time moved to make Mr. Knott's nomination unanimous, and the further fact that Col. Jones himself, twenty-four hours later, when he knew as much about the matter as he does now, accepted with becoming grace the result of the convention and promised his support to its nominees, he is now parading before the public as a very badly treated individual, and in an interview intimates that if his friends wish it he will declare himself in the field in opposition to the regular nominee. We do not see the least room at this late day for Col. Jones to kick. His time, if ever, was while the convention was in session, but his opportunity is past and we are sorry to see him allow his chagrin and disappointment to get away with his calmer judgment. He has always been a consistent and true democrat and stands before the country as a man without reproach. There was a growing feeling among those who imagined that he was treated unfairly, to press him the stronger for the next U. S. Senatorship, but if he persists in crying fraud and raising a row, he is doomed forever politically. Should he run against the nominee, he might reduce the democratic majority, but he and Morrow together would not get near so many votes as Knott, and he would only have the chagrin of seeing himself worse "set down" upon than Jacob was in the Appellate Clerkship race. His only chance of political preferment lies in a submission to the acts of the constituted authorities, confident that if he has been wronged, the right will finally prevail and his reward be bestowed.

We print on our first page an honest, straightforward statement from Mrs. Phil Thompson, as to what happened in Cincinnati on the night of Nov. 28th, and its truth will strike every fair minded man with force. We have never believed her guilty of the sin charged against her and but for the venomous tongue of Jessie Buckner, Walter Davis would be alive today and Phil Thompson would have had no reason to resort to the whitewashing of a court, that not only expressed sympathy for him from the bench, but ruled in his favor and against the Commonwealth on every important point. Surely Mrs. Thompson's testimony was as relevant as John B. Thompson's, yet the judge allowed the one and refused the other. The letter of Mrs. Walter Davis recently published and Mrs. Thompson's statement have revived public interest in the dreadful affair and the newspapers and people are more outspoken as to the murder than before. We hope it will be kept continually before the public mind, and that if Phil Thompson has any twinges of conscience over his deed, it may grow to haunt him, till his dying day.

CONGRESSMAN YEATES, of North Carolina, says there is not the least bit of doubt that his State will cast her electoral vote for a democratic President in 1894. The coalition is a thing of the dead past. Defeat killed it on the first round and it is dead for good. No political movement that is placed simply upon a desire to get office can live long. Success kept Mahone afloat for a time in Virginia, but his recent defeat drove the nail in his political coffin. His forces will never rally to another organized attempt to carry the State. With Virginia in the line, the prospect is that the South will as usual cast her vote for a democratic president.

THE Danville Advocate very sensibly remarks that the upholding of the shot gun policy by the Courier Journal in the Thompson case and the abuse of the pardoning power when placed in the hands of such men as Dr. Blackburn, has created the mob spirit in Kentucky and caused people to lose confidence in the law.

A CUT of the new Governor General of Canada adorns the columns of the pictorial press. He succeeds the Marquis of Lorne, and while he is known as the Marquis of Lansdown, his real name is Charles Keith Fitzmaurice. Although but 38, he is spoken of as a man of great administrative ability.

A POST OFFICE in Georgia has been named Langtry, in honor of the Jersey Lily, and now if some body will name his jackass Gebhardt, in honor of Freddie, the eternal fitness of names would be much better illustrated.

The Star route trials commenced a year ago Friday, and as several of the government lawyers get from \$50 to \$150 per day they are likely to go on for a year or two more.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.
—Ninety-one years ago, Friday, Kentucky was admitted into the Union of States.
—The coinage of the various mints for May was \$4,721,200, of which \$1,350,000 were standard dollars.
—Robert Smith, one of the brothers who killed the two Cecil brothers at Helwood, Tenn., was killed Friday while resisting arrest.
—O. N. Bradburn, Secretary of the Knights of Honor, Louisville, is short in his accounts with the order, having made no return since January last.
—Mrs. Susan E. Douglass, aged twenty-seven, cut the throats of her three little boys in Cumberland county, Pa., and then killed herself. She was insane.
—The Ohio republican committee will not postpone the State Convention to await the decision in the Scott liquor-tax law, and it will be held to-day and tomorrow.
—It is announced that the decrease of the public debt for May is about \$4,800,476. The bond redemption during the month was \$10,500,000; payments on account of pensions, \$12,000,000.
—The five leading iron mills of Cincinnati, Newport and Covington, have closed, the proprietors refusing to sign the scale presented by the workmen. Between 4,000 and 5,000 people are left idle.
—There are forty-six newspapers in Indiana in favor of a renomination of the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks, and there is a report that Gov. Hendricks has said he would again accept the second place.
—General G. P. Buell died in Nashville, Friday afternoon, from the effects of a surgical operation, performed three weeks since, combined with heart disease. He was a first cousin of General Don Carlos Buell.
—Henry Jackson was found dead at Atlanta, Ala., with a bullet in his brain and four aces and a king in his hand. The murderer, a man named McKanic, seeing Jackson's hand, shot him and made off with the stakes.
—Phoebe Miller, of Lexington, has been found guilty of manslaughter, and will go to the penitentiary for thirteen years. She was charged with being an accessory with John Smith in the murder of Maria Smith, his wife. John Smith went to the penitentiary for eighteen years.
—Frank Adams, the man who blew open the safe of Redmon & Dawson, at New Haven, was afterward arrested by Marshal Hunter, was given a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. He is held on three other charges, and will in all probability serve the State for some time.
—A double execution occurred at Macomb, Ga., Friday, which had the novel feature of having a grand stand erected in front of the gallows. Reserved seats were sold in the stand at \$1 each, and the Mayor of the town has levied the usual show license of \$100 on the owner of the stand.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DALSTON, LONDON, E. May 17, '93

Dear Interior:

Marie and I enjoyed the privilege of taking tea with Dr. Parker, at Highbury Park, this evening. I count it one of my chief London joys that I have been permitted to sit at his feet many times to hear the "good tidings of great joy." Dr. Parker is the preacher of London, and knows a sweeter gospel than any other minister in this great metropolis, if I know what the gospel is. The occasion of our visit was an invitation given from the pulpit at his regular Thursday noon service, to ministers and their wives who would like to call between 4 and 6 o'clock for a social reunion. It is a sort of May reception that he has kept up for years. Finding, upon inquiry, that Dr. Parker is a man with in the compass of my invitation, without any strain on courtesy, Marie and I started in due time to hunt his place of residence. Our first mishap was a misdirection from one of his deacons, who wrote upon a slip of paper Highbury New Park, instead of Highbury Park. Of course we were lost, and after getting off at the right railway station, wandered about like babes in the woods, until flushed and wearied we at last found North Holme—the Doctor's lovely suburban villa—and were received heartily by the great man himself, whom we found strolling about his beautiful grounds in a Scotch cap and plain black suit, and as genial socially as he is grand clerically. We had never seen him out of his gown, but in five minutes we felt as much at home as if we had known him for years. He has a tender side for Americans, remembering the kindnesses received in successive visits across the great water. Mrs. Parker is very like our cousin Eliza Aikin, of Danville; a queenly woman in face and figure, and worthy to share the Doctor's greatness. The villa is in keeping—a lovely spot, 7 acres in extent, beautifully laid out, with charming lawn, stately forest trees, cunning nooks, shady walks, orchard and kitchen garden complete. All this beauty is doomed, though, for the Doctor's lease expires in 5 years, and the builder's plans for a street and double row of houses running right through the lovely spot, are already made up. Our host commiserated our misfortunes in finding the place, took the slip of paper his deacon had given us, as written evidence against him, and with a merry twinkle assured us he would "blow him sky high" for his blunder. Then leaving me with a knot of his clerical friends, he took Marie away to show her the grounds and have a chat. Instead of following their example and admiring the grass and flowers, we "clerical brethren" had a theological discussion, of course, which left us, as it always does, worse than it found us. Happily it was brief, for tea was soon handed around as we sat in groups on the velvet lawn, which was duly discussed and enjoyed far more than the previous discussion. We took leave, charmed with our delightful visit. Mrs. P. was suffering with a bad cold and did not venture out, but we had a pleasant interview in the drawing-room.

"What do you think Miss Barnes called our lawn, my dear?" the Doctor inquired of his wife, with a comical look. "You would never guess. She called it a 'yard'! I was proud of it once; I shall be proud of it no more; a 'yard'!"

It seems that in England that obnoxious title is only applied to barn-yards, fowl yards and the like. The good man glowed heartily as he repeated Marie's *four pas*, while we stoutly maintained the correctness of our American application of the word.

We never miss the Thursday noon service, if we can possibly be there. Right in the heart of busy London, this dear man of God attracts to the City Temple to hear a sermon, a large congregation of business men, who make time to listen an hour, in the very midst of the day's work, to the gospel of the grace of God. I doubt much whether even Mr. Spurgeon could do this. And Dr. Parker has succeeded in this year in and year out. This single fact tells what a man he is. He never disappoints the most extravagant expectation.

How every thing stands on age in this "Old England." Across the way is a sign "Daggett's Family Dairy; Established in 1770." What effect that magic date may exert over the purity of the milk of 1893, must be explained by an Englishman. At that time Shacklewell village was miles away in the country. Indeed, I had a visitor last week, who assured me that thirty years ago Shacklewell Lane was a sequestered walk between hedges, and he has often come down it to gather wild flowers. The Doggett of 1770 may have been celebrated for his milk and cheese. The dairy of today may be a good one too. Perhaps the pride of the name may help to keep up the character of the dairy products. I only chronicle facts without undertaking to explain them all clearly. Down in the city I pass a sign daily the old palace of Richard III, which is carefully preserved in outline, though the old banqueting hall, in which modern lunches are served, is fitted up by its present proprietor with all the appliances of an improved restaurant of today. Many a man will lunch there who would never have thought of it had it not been for the flaming sign that tells every passer by what the spot once was. Another place not far from the last mentioned, has the cabalistic sign of D. D. in many places. This does not signify Doctor of Divinity, but "Dirty Dick," centuries ago a functionary of that name having an alehouse on the spot. The peculiarity of the place, I am told, is that the festooning cobwebs of the ages are and carefully preserved; old wine is only sold by the bottle, and one can, to-day, tell how "Dirty Dick" served his customers in the good old dirty days of yore, is curious to know. The filthy decay is sedulously preserved, to suit the antiquarian demand, and it must pay well, or it would never survive. For after all, the almighty shilling is the same as the "almighty dollar," and settles things summarily here as elsewhere. And these ancient places are scattered by the thousand all over London, and all about the city, and one's walks over the great city are one finds no where else on earth. In other places these old places are ruins—carefully preserved or neglected as the case may be—but here the old label is on a thing full of modern life and activity. I like that better. I like not a ruin. It speaks of death and decay. But an old place raised from the dead and still alive is pleasant to look upon.

The "Bell Tavern" at Edmonton, famous for John Gilpin's break-neck ride, is still a famous tavern and will be to the end of the world. It is so charming to see these dead things of buried centuries living again.

I have spoken of the nimble ponies from Wales and Suffolk and far-off Russia, that swarm in coster-monger and butcher and poultry and fish carts, the city over; and the monstrous creatures from the Clyde and Yorkshire and Normandy, that drag slowly about the city, loaded with coal, or carrying the passengers of the omnibuses, or the great lumbering vans, with their two or four or six great lumps of horse-drawn, trip the rattling pony-chaise, or the butcher's 2-wheeled vehicle drawn by a bristly pony scarcely larger than a Shetland, but fleet of foot and with a will of his own, so graphically described in "Whistler's" "Curiosity Shop," by that master sketched of London life, Charles Dickens. I see "Whistler" every day a hundred times.

But there is a finer phase of horse flesh than either of these. "Rotten Row" is the place to see it. This is the name, consecrated by age, that is borne by the most wonderful riding and driving place on earth. Great riders and drivers are these English kinfolds of ours. Any day, when the weather is fine, one can get a chair for a penny, and from an advantageous point of view, can watch hour after hour the thousands that go by in an uninterrupted stream. To one who loves to look at a good horse, as I do, the place has superlative charms. There have not a tickle in the field can be superior to the English thoroughbred, and here we have them in perfection. For London at this time holds more of the aristocracy who later on will scatter into the country, and the glorious animals that will in due season be the best of the race, the "across country," are now displaying their symmetrical forms on Rotten Row. The tails are all clipped as in the pictures of the past. I have not seen five horses in England, outside the great beasts in brewery and the great coup de dot of December, all else, concentration reigns. The gentlemen wear plug hats, dark sack or frock coats, and generally with both whip and spur; saddles, the English "pig skin," no martingales, but double reins with snaffle and curb bits.

The ladies have close fitting riding habits of navy blue, skirts not so long as the American garment, with neat little swallow tails just touching the horse's back. Flirtatious and, with a velvet attached, jacket buttoned close up to the throat and dainty whip in hand. The horses walk, trot and one round at any rate. I marvel that these dear people will go on bumping their heads, as they do, when there are other gals to be gotten out of a horse so much pleasanter than a trot; until I remember that just such short-tailed horses and just such trotting gals obtained in the times of the Cavaliers, and for aught I know, when William the Conqueror came over, and must be kept up to the end of time, wonder if saying so often as they do "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," has crystallized the character of this wonderful people, until they have reached the point where they are maddeningly incapable of a change? I sometimes think it so. But Rotten Row is grand for all that. Men and women spring in their stirrups with every motion of the horse, and come down on the saddle with more or less grace, the ride is covered with clean, yellow travel, kept loose and well watered, the drive is as smooth as a floor and hard as marble. The two are separated by a row of stately trees. Outside both are simple walks for pedestrian lookers-on, with Hyde Park and its "Serpentine" stretching away in varied beauty of flashing water and billowy green, making up a scene of beauty not to be described.

gallop. How I longed to see just one good American "break," I think, on Rotten Row, our dear old friend, Miss Emma White, (she is Mrs. now) of Manchester, and her gallant gray, let out to his full racking speed, would make a sensation even in Rotten Row. I should like to see her make in the pastime, on the luxury of these two fair ladies and elderly gentlemen lean back, enjoying the scene. Every variety of liverly in the coachmen and flunkies swinging on behind. White-tights and top boots with black rosette in a plug hat is the disguise of a groom on horseback, attending his mistress at a respectful distance, when she rides out alone, as many do. Children on beautiful ponies, attended by grooms, lend a pleasing variety to the picture. Here is a pair, giving his darling boy his first lesson in riding, or holding the spirited pony for his daughter by a long rein, with groom in close attendance in case of accident. Here is mad-cap miss, with a will of her own, evidently, just flying over her horse in a perfect lather of foam, and the groom red and perspiring, galloping furiously in the rear, looking as if he wished his young mistress were in a milder mood. Here come two elderly gents, trotting slowly together, talking business or politics, these a party of three or four splendidly mounted ladies, in full gallop, with cavalier in attendance; then another boy who have had their gallop and are recovering their horses by a slow walk. Here is the inevitable fat gentleman, red in the face, coat tightly buttoned over a stomach that no tailor's art can render invisible, smiting his "pig skin" heavily; but his gallant steed fully up to his weight and not minding his load a bit. And here, straight as an arrow, graceful as a willow, sitting perfectly her sorrel thoroughbred with the two white hind feet and limbed like a deer, we have the best type of an English gentleman on horseback. It is worth looking at. Her horse is walking now, a hand gait for a lady, but she is equal to it and loses none of her grace. And now the well-trained creature breaks at a gentle touch of the whip into a sweeping trot. No bumping nor churning, but a light spring that preserves each line of beauty in the animal, and the rider is so happy as he would do after the bounds, were it not Rotten Row, and the skillful rider, holding him perfectly in hand, keeping her seat as only a practiced rider can do, dashed and galloping, gives the groom in the white-tights and top boots, who he can do to keep up, until one, as he looks on, can only wish, as I did, that she had a hedge or a stone wall or a ditch to go over; so thoroughly well I am sure she could do it on that sorrel with the two white hind feet!

There! you know my weakness. I write as I did when visiting Longfellow and Ten Broeck, for a horse will always be a horse to me. Was not I born in Kentucky?

We are all well. Praise the LORD! I love Him better because I love his creatures. If a man love not a horse that he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen? Did not my Father make that sorrel with two white hind feet, as well as his fair rider? Answer me who you will. I may not look at the woman too much without danger. But I may at the lovely horse. You beautiful thing of grace all over! I shall look back on London when you one of these days, white as snow, flatter than the wind, a sapphire pavement for his ringing hoofs. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.
—Mr. E. F. Phillips, of Louisville, has opened a wholesale liquor store in the James Hall store-room. His stock will consist of pure whiskeys and foreign and domestic wines and brandies, to be sold only at wholesale.

—Miss Mary Warren, of Louisville, is visiting Miss Emma Weisgar. Hon. F. T. Fox and wife, of Louisville, are at Ex-Judge Fox's. Mr. Jas. Kinnaird and wife have taken rooms at Mr. Wm. S. Down-ton's. They will remain during the summer.

—Rev. Thos. L. Anderson, of Frankfort, preached at the Christian church, Sunday, in place of Rev. S. W. Crutcher, who had gone to North Middletown to deliver the Baccara sermon to the graduates of the Female College there. Communion services at the 1st Presbyterian church Sunday.

—Nothing completes the adornment of an otherwise tastefully dressed lady so much as a becoming hat or bonnet; and there is no place in Central Kentucky where the display of such goods is surpassed by that of A. B. Robertson at his James Hall establishment, up stairs. Mr. Robertson's sister, Mrs. Dunlap, a lady of rare taste, such matters has charge of this branch of the business.

—The annual election for Trustees and Town Attorney, took place Saturday. G. W. Welsh, Jr. D. S. Hinman, G. S. Wiseman, J. M. Hackley, G. P. Newlin, S. S. Fry and Robert. H. H. were elected Trustees, and Mr. Logan McKee, Attorney. There was no opposition to the above ticket, as in it were embodied the strongest "Union" principles. And neither Jeff Davis nor Beauregard, nor any of the rest of "em could have put a tickle in the field that would have stood the ghost of a chance of success. We are all "loyal" and no mistake.

—Prof. Alonzo Tripp, of Boston, delivered his celebrated lecture on Napoleon III, in the Chapel of Bell Seminary, on Monday evening. The lecture was indeed, an intellectual treat, and was a comprehensive condensed biography of Prince Louis Napoleon, including his escapades of Strasbourg and Bologna, escape from Ham, and the great coup de dot of December, with vivid portraits interwoven of Napoleon I, the Empress Josephine, the King of Holland, the queenly Hortense, Ex-Empress Eugenia, and a description of the tragic death of the late Prince Imperial of France.

—Your correspondent in a talk with Mr. Wilson Dunn, this morning, learned that he was now handling a number of promising trotters, among them Abel Abdallah, a fine 4-year-old, and a fine 2-year-old gelding. He is a 6-year-old, by Messenger Chief. Another is Mattie Mock, by the same sire, who has shown a 2:25 minute gait. Still another is Paul, a 2-year-old bay, gelding by Barney Wilkes. Mr. Dunn says Paul is destined to make a fine trotter. He has another fine 2-year-old gelding (whose name is forgotten for the moment) by Wilkes, Jr., who has been entered in the colt stakes for '93, '94, '95 and who certainly has a record before him.

Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WISSET, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—Hiram Rothwell bought a pair of work mules from Ike Arnold for \$270.

—W. O. Rigney has a large stock of straw hats of all sizes, that he is selling cheap.

—A nice lot of pale Cornice in ebony and gilt at the Furniture Store of Geo. D. Burdett & Co's.

—If you don't believe the stories about L. W. Burdett & Co's four ask Aunt Almira Burdett and Dr. Ben Seape.

—If you want a good suit of clothes cheap, go to W. O. Rigney's. He is selling out his spring stock at reduced prices.

—W. O. Rigney keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the latest styles of Gents, Ladies Misses and Children's shoes.

—The wheat prospects are brightening some. Hemp came up very well, and is growing finely. Farmers generally are feeling better than they were a week ago.

—The Mercer Enterprise, published at Herodsburg, Ky., wants a good correspondent at Lancaster, to whom a salary will be paid. Address, L. D. Cardwell, Publisher.

—Col. W. O. Bradley returned Sunday from Indianapolis, where he has been defending a man named Jeter, who is charged with murder. Col. Bradley is said to have made the best speech that was made in the case, although there were several prominent Indianapolis lawyers engaged.

—For the accommodation of a few of his recent pupils, J. L. Irvine will, on Monday, June 11, organize classes in Greek Composition and Homer, Latin Composition or Virgil or Caesar. Persons desiring to pursue any or all these studies might do well to confer with him before or at the opening of the class.

—The closing exercises of Franklin Institute will take place at the City Hall, Friday night. A grand concert will be given, consisting of an Open Chorus by whole school of 75 pupils, vocal solos, quartettes and quintettes interspersed with recitations and instrumental music on piano, guitar, banjo and violin.

—Mr. W. G. Anderson has announced himself a candidate for the Legislature from this county, subject to the action of the democratic party. Mr. Anderson is one of our most intelligent farmers and is too well known in this county to need any degree of commendation from us. Every democrat in the county should deem it a privilege to vote for such a man as he is to represent us. The republicans are yet, have put out no candidate for the office, but will, of course, put out one. With Mr. Anderson as our standard bearer, we do not fear the result whoever they may run against him.

—SOMETHING UNUSUAL.—Mrs. Joseph Weisgar has an Alderney heifer between 12 and 13 months old, that is giving milk regularly twice a day. Some three or four weeks ago Mr. Weisgar noticed that the heifer's udder was enlarging. He called the attention of his brother in law, Mr. John S. Gill, to the fact, a few days afterwards, and Mr. Gill advised him to milk her. He did so, and she has been giving milk regularly ever since. The heifer has not dropped a calf or even had an opportunity of being with a bull, and there was no effort made to bring her to her milk. Will some one who knows, give us an explanation of the cause?

—Hogs are dying with cholera in this vicinity.

—None of our farmers have engaged their wheat yet.

—Prof. Elliott's school at Kirksville, will close next Thursday.

—Our town is still improving. Mr. R. M. Argo will commence to build a nice residence in a few days.

—Mr. J. L. Slaughter has gone to Muddy Creek to take charge of the store of D. G. Slaughter, at that place.

—Several youngsters of this place will go to Lancaster, Wednesday night, to hear Blind Tom perform on the piano.

—It is the general impression of the people that this road will be changed next Sunday, but we haven't heard any of the railroad officials say so yet.

—The matrimonial fever has struck Kirksville our neighboring village. There was a wedding there last week, and several others spoken of in the near future.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER,
SURGEON AND DENTIST,
LANCASTER, KY.
Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.
Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

H. C. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.
Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Landreth's Garden Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

Proprietors

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded. Also

JEWELRY

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

We wish to say to the Farmers of this County that we are handling this year

THE CHAMPION REAPING AND MOWING MACHINES!

We will have four styles of this Machine on exhibition next Court day, and would like for all to inspect them, whether desiring to purchase or not. Call on us and get some good reading matter free.

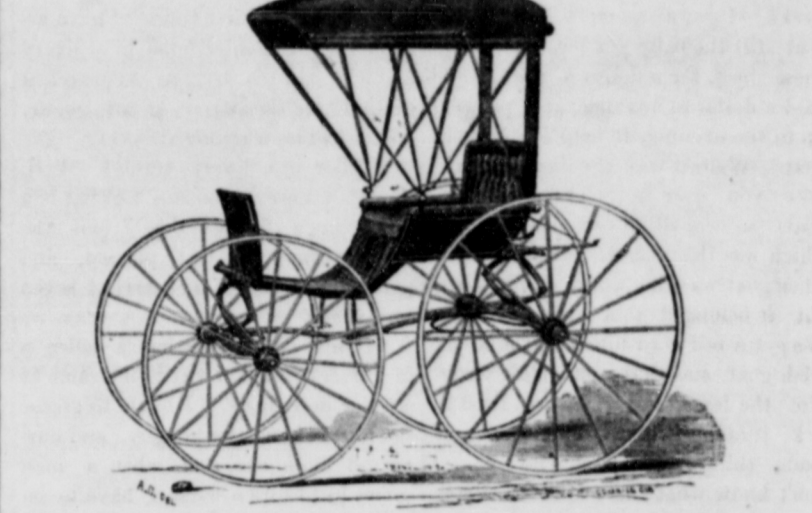
BRUCE, WARREN & CO.,
Grocers and Clothiers.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

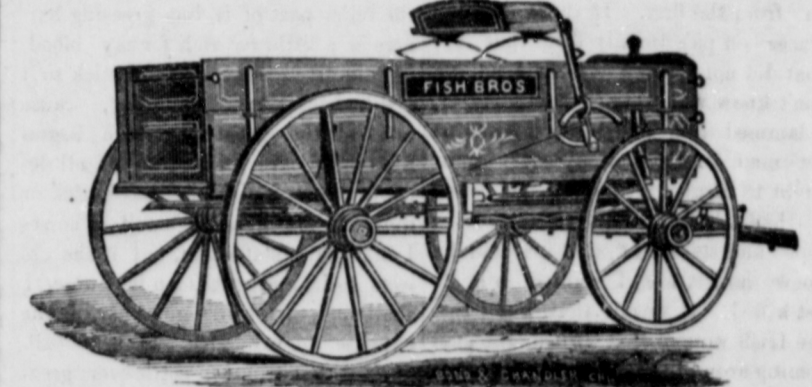
In order to get control of the best and most popular line of Agricultural Implements and Machinery, and also in order to enable me to purchase in such quantities as to obtain the largest discounts and lowest rates of freight, I have established branch Ware Rooms and Agents at Hustonville, Lancaster and Richmond, and under this arrangement, we feel sure we can offer the Farmers

Many Inducements Over the Majority of Dealers.

I keep on hand at all times at my several Ware Rooms a large stock of



Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,



Railroad Cars, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Bakes, Grain Drills, Broadcast Sowers, Sulky Harrows, Sulky Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Farmery Bowers, and many other items.



I am also prepared to furnish prices and estimates of all kinds of Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, Hay Presses, Straw Stalkers, Wind Mills, Horse Powers, and various other kinds of machinery.

Parties in want of any goods in my line will loose nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



[Kalamazoo Spring Tooth Harrow.]

I also handle Grain and Seeds of all kinds; also Hay and Wool.

[Moline Sulky Plow.]

GEORGE D. WEAREN, Stanford.

GREEN & WILLIAMS,
Managers Hustonville Depot

W. L. WITHERS,
Manager Lancaster Depot;

R. H. WEAREN,
Manager Richmond Depot

HIGH-PRICED CHICKENS.

An Incident of Sherman's March to the Sea.

Gov. Murray, of Utah Territory, tells a laughable story of his experiences in the Georgia march to the sea, which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the Governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsidize the country as we went along, and we naturally took the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered as officers' meat, and, as we were infernally hungry, we went for these old hens pretty freely. When she saw that her favorite fowl were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's yells clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons in to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was all about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a bushel of Confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her.' Acting on this hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before with \$4,000,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about 2 cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars in an old carpet-sack and marched into the house.

"Madam," said I, opening the sack, "I'll give you \$50,000 to quit this noise." It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the packages of money on the table, and I never saw such a delighted woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: 'Gen. Sherman presents his compliments and \$100,000.' I never in my life saw such a pleased old woman, and I wound up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed females I could not be outdone by any man living. "She invited the officers to supper, and she cooked every chicken on the ranch, and set out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. 'Sarah,' said he, 'where in blazes did you get all this damned truck?'

"A present from Gen. Sherman," said she.

"Tain't worth a continental cent; they're kindlin' fires with it down at New Orleans."

"The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt front, and her eyes wasn't pleasant to meet."

"So you are the blik that gave me this, are you?" she called out, reaching for the old broom.

"The entire mess rose and started from the house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that Confederate money, if it would bring 100 cents on the dollar at the Treasury Department, Washington."—Salt Lake Tribune.

CHERRIFUL NON-GIVERS.

Mr. A., a vestryman of — parish, listened to a missionary statement of the work of a new mission in a destitute neighborhood. "It's a good work," said he, "a very good work. I'll give \$1 to help it on." The next day Mr. A. went on a pleasure trip to a distant city, stopped at a first-class hotel, and rode around to see various parts of interest. The trip cost him \$100.

Miss B. took out of her purse 50 cents to buy some coal for a poor widow's family in a back street, but left in the other compartment of the purse a \$10 bill that was to be used for buying some trimming for a new dress.

Mrs. C. was very much interested in paying off the church debt. She finally concluded that she could afford to give \$10; but, finding that the ring she was about purchasing was more expensive than she first thought, changed her gift to the church to \$5. The other \$5 went to help pay for the ring.

Dr. D. told the committee who called upon him that he really could not give more than 50 cents each week toward the rector's salary. He thought \$25 a year a very generous allowance for him; but he sent home the same day a few ornaments, for which his wife was puzzled for house-room. The ornaments cost \$25.

The roof of the parsonage leaked badly, and the clergyman reported that the health of his family was suffering from the dampness thus occasioned throughout the house; but the people were so slow in repairing it that the winter was one of great discomfort to the clergyman's family. During the winter the rector was invited to five parties given by his parishioners, the expense of which would have put the dilapidated rectory in complete repair.—Pacific Church.

Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice or necessity has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.

PERSIAN THEATRICALS.

It is fortunate that theater-goers at home do not take to heart the tragedies that are placed upon the English stage so much as the Persians, who, according to a writer, not only shed tears at the actors' rending of the Prophet, the martyrdom of Ali, and other incidents in the history of Mohammedanism, but how pitiously as they leave the theater, pull each other's hair, and run knives into themselves with despair. These representations are styled "tearjerkers," and they take place during the religious festival of the Moharrum, being got up by the wealthy people with the double object of propitiating the Deity and making a display of their rich tapestries and jewels on the stage.

The representations are held either in the court yards of their houses, or upon the public squares, the personages of importance viewing them from the windows of the houses, while the crowd gathers round the improvised stage, "camels at rest." Ushers, armed with heavy wands, go round to maintain order, and lads with pipes to hire, and water and cakes to sell, drone out their stock phrases until the story-teller, followed by six chorister boys, mounts the stage. His business is to prepare the audience for the representation by telling them stories relative to deaths of the Imams, and, in order to produce a more powerful effect upon them, he interlards his story with frequent groans and tears, finally throwing down his turban, tearing open his dress and driving his nails into his chest. His despair moves the whole of the audience to tears, and he then descends from the stage with a bottle, and, sipping up their tears with a piece of cotton wool, presses them into it—one of these tears, in the opinion of the Persians, being sufficient to save the life of a patient who has been given up by the doctors. This prologue over, the actors appear, and the drama begins, with the result described above.

These, however, are not the only plays in the Persian repertoire, the two other kinds being "temachas" and "karaguz," of which the first named are farces or comedies, full of allusions more or less broad, and improvised by the "Lontys," who are professional dancers and musicians. These "Lontys" are often accompanied by dancing girls, and even by monkeys and bears, and they grime themselves with soot and flour. The "karaguz" is very much like our own "Punch and Judy," the character of Punch being taken by Ketchel Pehlavan, who is invariably represented as bald, and whose favorite occupation is to deceive the Mollahs by pretending to piety. After having depicted to the Mollahs in very glowing terms the charms of religious life and the pleasures reserved to good Mussulmans in another world, he begins to sing an acrobatic song until the poor Mollah, carried away by enthusiasm, throws down the Koran and begins to play the guitar and drink the fine wine of Shiraz.

COUNTRY AND CITY RAIN.

Considerable attention has been recently given to the difference between the rain of the city and the country. The country rain is neutral and is considered the best adapted for human consumption of any found above the earth, on the earth, or under the earth. The rain that falls in cities, on the other hand, is acid, corroding metals; evil effects are visible on every side, in paint, in all decorations, and, in fact, almost everything erected by man. The purest rain is that collected at the sea coast, more especially at considerable heights, while organic matter in the air usually corresponds with the density of population.

BRADFORD'S JOKE.

One of the jokers of the day is Judge Allen A. Bradford, of the Pueblo bar. He is a little eccentric, but withal one of the best lawyers in the far West. He was trying a case a few years since before a Judge to whom he took a dislike. The Judge was undecided in his rulings; would change his conclusions every time the opposite lawyer would argue a point. When Judge Bradford came to talk to the jury, he took occasion to express his contempt. He said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the indecision of this court reminds me of the fabled ass that died between two bundles of straw for want of decision."

The court could stand this no longer. Calling the attorney to order, he fined him \$5 for contempt. With the coolness he is capable of, Bradford felt in his pocket for a moment, then, producing \$25.00, said in his peculiar intonations of voice:

"Your Honor, I have but half the amount; I will pay for the straw, but let the ass stand."—Denver Tribune.

DRAWING CONCLUSIONS.

Wife—"My dear, do you not think Johnny has a wonderful genius for drawing?"

Husband—"I do, indeed."

W.—"Perfectly remarkable. It seems to me we should be guilty of wilfully fying in the face of Providence if we did not recognize the fact in selecting a profession for him. Mr. Virgil Williams, the picture-maker, assures me that all Johnny needs is instruction."

H.—"Just my idea; and I mean to apprentice him to a corner grocery for instruction in drawing molasses."

W.—"Oh, you insincere man."

H.—"Oh, you adorable woman."

Right or wrong, the opponents of compulsory vaccination in England are in earnest. More than 250,000 tracts and other publications have been issued and circulated by the London Society during the past twelve months.

MAKE not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.

"RETURNED WITH THANKS."

The Boston Herald has been examining the history of distinguished writers, and finds that very few authors have not experienced the pain that attends the rejection of manuscript. Even Thackeray and Thomas Carlyle have known the effect of "returned with thanks." "The Yellowplush Papers" of the former were among the most brilliant and popular essays in Fraser's Magazine; but, when Thackeray once sent an essay in the style of "The Yellowplush Papers" to the Edinburgh Review, it was so cut and mutilated by the editor that even the consolation of a respectable check was not enough to sweeten the painful memory of that magazine.

Prosper Merimee had all his plays "returned with thanks" by all managers and publishers until he hit upon the idea of passing them off for translations from the Spanish of a once-famous actress, Clara Gazul, a bait which was at once swallowed by a publisher interested in the romantic school of the day, just coming into fashion, and this mystification helped the work to a great success. Theophile Gautier and Octave Feuillet had their first novels rejected by various journals, and the manuscripts were probably never read; but when, at last, they were published, they made a great sensation. Alphonse Daudet, whose various stories have passed through fifty or sixty editions, saw the best and most attractive work he ever wrote, and in which he had related a part of the story of his own life and development, refused by several journals, although he already enjoyed considerable reputation and an influential position as Secretary to the Duc de Morny; but the novel received the greatest recognition when, at last, it appeared.

Anthony Trollope furnishes another example of late successes after many disappointed expectations. His literary spurs were gained by work in the few leisure hours left him by his position in the postoffice. Dickens was one who had uncommon luck as an author, in happy contrast to the almost-tragic struggles of Thackeray for recognition. From the time his first magazine article was printed to the time when he laid down his pen on an unfinished page of "Edwin Drood," his career was an interrupted series of triumphs.

John Lathrop Motley had to undergo the humiliation of receiving the manuscript of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" back from the famous publisher, John Murray, of London, with thanks and compliments. Carlyle found great difficulty in getting a publisher for his "History of the French Revolution," even after he had rewritten the whole in consequence of the burning of the first manuscript by an ignorant servant-girl.

THE FLORA OF EUROPE.

The flora of Europe is more varied than its fauna. Coming through the Bavarian Alps we discovered almost every plant, tree and flower to which my eye had become accustomed in New York, Connecticut and Minnesota—golden rod radiant above the fences, willows nodding by the streams, Lombardy poplars, stiff-backed and defiant, like the soldiers that have often desolated these fertile lands, elms (small and unthrifty), large oaks, whitewoods and walnut trees, tansy, campanula, mullein, angelica, water lilies, wild asters, vervain, bouncing bet, yarrow, the woodbine, honeysuckle, and many others as familiar. The flower gardens are of the same blossoms as ours, but not so brilliant, it seems to me. The ornamental grapevine adds a novel element to the landscape. Throughout Germany grapes are generally trained on arbors or sticks, like beaniepoles; on the steep mountain slopes of Austria they are bowed down hill over a wire or a horizontal pole, so as to let in the sun to the best advantage. All through Northern Italy they are furnished trees for a support, with the addition of a swing of large wire or rope, stretching from tree to tree, along which the agile vine creeps. There is nothing in vegetation more picturesque than these leafy festoons in which the wine of Lombardy is cradled.—Florence letter.

THE LATEST SLANG WORDS.

Quite a lot of new slang has been opened up for trade. This is nearly altogether family slang for the use of ladies, and if they wish to be abreast of the times, they will take out their pencils and tablets and note down the specimens. "Catouche" is a very new word, and means nice, sweet, pleasant. Coffee, for instance, may be catouche; so may John Henry or Eliza Jane. When a girl is "dick" she is very knowing. If she is "fency" she is just the reverse of knowing. If you wish to convey to your heart's idol the idea that you adore her transcendent beauty, just tell her she is "oppressive." "A Johnny-boy" is a new variety of the genus homo who knows how to dance like an angel—supposing that angels would so far forget themselves as to dance—wears good clothes and who is an idiot in every other respect. The feminine equivalent of the "Johnny-boy" is generally called "Evangeline." If you disapprove of a place, or a person, or a party, you may either refer to it as a "snide," or "gummy" or "toppy." Excessive admiration wrecks itself upon expressions in such words as "balmy," "harmonious," "gullitive." "Gullitive" seems to mean a great many things. It is a sort of non-committal word, which can be used to fill up a sentence or express a doubtful opinion.

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle.

—Engineer Rose, at Stamford, Conn., was found guilty of manslaughter, for running over a man with his train.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

RYE MUFFINS.—One pint flour, one pint rye-meal, two tablespoonfuls yeast, milk enough to make a thick batter.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—One quart scalded milk and poured on Indian meal, one pint flour, four eggs and a little salt.

RYE MUFFINS.—One pint flour, one pint rye-meal, two table-spoonfuls yeast, milk enough to make a thick batter.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—One quart scalded milk and poured on Indian meal, one pint flour, four eggs and a little salt.

A NICE BISCUIT.—One pint of scalded milk cooled, two quarts of sifted flour, three table-spoonfuls of shortening, one teaspoonful of yeast and a little salt.

CHICAGO GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One pint of Graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; wet with water to make it soft as ginger-bread.

SPRINGFIELD SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one pint of milk, piece of butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar sifted in flour, with salt.

MINNIE'S WHITE MUFFINS.—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, one and one-half cups of flour, the whites of three eggs, one table-spoonful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in muffin-pans.

SPRINGFIELD RUMBLE SNAPS.—Three-fourths cupful of lard, three-fourths cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one pint molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one table-spoonful ginger, one table-spoonful spice, then enough flour to roll soft and very thin in rings.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—One pound of loaf sugar pounded, two lemons grated, add the juice strained, quarter of a pound of butter and two eggs; let it simmer on the fire till it is as thick as honey; when cold put in a jar, tie down with paper and it will keep a month.

EGG SOUP.—The yolks of two eggs, a pint of water; half an ounce or so of butter, and sugar to taste; beat up together over a slow fire, adding the water gradually. When it begins to boil, pour backward and forward between the jug and sauce-pan till quite smooth and frothy.

TO KEEP BREAD MOIST.—Keep a large earthen jar—a cover of the same material is better than a wooden one—and have it well aired and fresh; let the bread be well cooled after it is taken from the oven, and then place in the jar and cover closely. It will keep moist and fresh a long time.

TO RENEW GLASS FRAMES.—A lady tells how to renew gilt frames that are tarnished. She bids her readers to take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one-half pints of water, and boil in it five ounces; strain, and when cool apply to the parts which require restoring with a soft brush. She says it will come out good as new when dry.

HOT SPICE.—Hot spice is the name given by a cook of a past generation for a delicious adjunct to gravies, steaks, chops and soups. Take three drachms each of ginger and black pepper and cinnamon, seven cloves, an ounce of mace, one of cayenne, one of grated nutmeg, one of white pepper; pound these together; mix till well blended, and then put it in a perfectly clean, dry bottle for use.

GINGERBREAD.—Mix in a large basin one and a half pounds of flour, six ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful each of black pepper, cinnamon and cloves and Jamaica pepper; heat one pound of treacle and beat up three eggs; if they do not moisten the mixture enough, add some sweet or butter-milk. Mix at night and bake the next morning.

TO MAKE A POMPOON.

Cut off the legs and wings of your drake at the first joint. Cut off the bill where the feathers terminate. Split the skin under the head down to where the neck begins. Cut through the skin on the back, near the wing, up to the beginning of the neck. Then begin carefully to draw off the skin. On reaching the neck, gently draw the skin over, after having skinned the head and cut it off, ears having been taken out around the eyes. To prepare the skin, lay it on a warm stove, with the bare skin up, and dry slowly. Lay on magnesia to absorb the oil, and frequently lay fresh brown paper on it; a warm (not hot) flat-iron to be placed on the paper. Should any stain get on the feathers, a rag, dipped in a little ammonia and water, will remove it. The breast makes a beautiful pompon, and the soft wing feathers next the body may be used for ornaments.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MRS. BOKER'S ADVICE TO OSCAR WILDE.

The story is going around that Mr. Wilde and Mrs. Boker were chatting over some bric-a-brac at a dinner at a well-known house on Walnut street, Philadelphia. Mr. Wilde expressed himself as being delighted with the manifestations of the love of the beautiful and true which met him in Philadelphia.

"Indeed, don't you know, there is so great a degree of culture that I fear I have no mission after all. Will you not advise me?"

"But people hate to take advice, no matter how earnestly and sincerely it is given," said the lady.

"But from you!" said the aesthete. "Really?"

"Yes, I assure you I am quite—quite—"

"Then, Mr. Wilde, my advice is to shorten your hair and lengthen your breeches."

The Government is required to pay \$6.50 for every word cabled to Paris.

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